

The Coming Day.

JULY, 1899.

A PROPOSAL FOR PUTTING THE NATION IN POSSESSION OF THE NATIONAL CHURCH.

[The following address was given some years ago by Mr. J. Page Hopps. It has been revised, and is now presented as more 'to the point' than ever.]

THE Church, whose future I propose to briefly consider in this address is variously designated. Frequently it is simply called 'The Church;' very often 'The Church of England;' occasionally 'The State Church,' or 'The Church as by law established;' by many 'The National Church.' This last name I accept for the time being, not because it is strictly accurate, but because it exactly indicates my line of argument: for the Established Church is 'national' now in no other sense than that it is a Church for which the nation is responsible, and which the nation has under its absolute control, and at its disposal. For the same reason it is inaccurate to call it 'The Church of England,' seeing that the most vigorous half of the nation is outside of it. But here, again, the name may be accepted as indicating the fact that the Church belongs to the people of England.

It is true that the nation has to a large extent outgrown the Church, but it has lost none of its rights in regard to it. If the history of the founding and maintenance of the Established Church is not enough to show that it is a creature of the State and the instrument and property of the State, look at the facts before our eyes. The chief officers of that Church are in the House of Lords, its humblest officers are all appointed under Par-

liamentary regulations, its congregations have not the power to select their teachers, its form of worship is part of an Act of Parliament, its ecclesiastical causes are all tried by State officials, the very question of the orthodoxy of its ministers, or their fitness for the office, is determined by a State court. By Act of Parliament the minister is instructed what part of the Bible he is to read every Sunday; by Act of Parliament the colour of his robe is or may be determined, and his posture during prayer decided; by Act of Parliament his candles are regulated, and his communion table is placed; and, without the permission of Parliament, he can neither add a dogma nor legally leave out an 'amen.'

It is this fact that makes it the right and duty of Nonconformists as well as of Churchmen to deliberate upon the present condition of the Church and its future ordering: nay! as Nonconformists, at present deprived of what is really our own, it is our special right and duty to make our opinions known. Our rights and duties in this matter are never more manifest than when Churchmen assert that their's is the 'National Church.' We accept the assertion, and base upon it the claim that the rights and duties of the members of the Church Congress in relation to the Established Church are not in any sense greater than our own. Personally, I feel anxious to discuss this subject because the word 'disestablishment' is ominously in the air, and because at the two extremes, with the High Church party at one end and the iconoclastic dissenters at the other, a meaning is being given to disestablishment that appears to me to be either dangerous or unjust.

It is an open question whether disestablishment has yet entered into the sphere of practical politics. Certain it is that the uncompromising opponents of State churches are singularly numerous, persistent, able and politically influential: and equally certain and significant is it that one of the most vigorous parties in the Church itself strenuously insists upon principles of Church government that repudiate, and that are meant to repudiate, all forms of State control. But however the nation may stand in regard to disestablish-

ment, it is not to be doubted that we are ripe for *this* question;—What is to be done to bring the National Church into harmony with the altered conditions of the nation to which it belongs?

In asking this question, men on both sides are sorely tempted to go back to first principles: and, indeed, when we can it is well to do so. But in this case we had better grapple with the hard facts. It is not an abstract question we have to discuss, but a tremendous bit of work we have to do. Going back to first principles, it might be right to say—'The State must not touch this thing that we call Religion or the Church.' But the fact is we have inherited a Church which the nation has made its own. What are we to do with it? Even the people who hate the State's interference in such matters must admit that, for good or evil, the State *must* interfere to do something, seeing that, whether we like it or not, it has this gigantic, rich and influential 'Establishment' on its hands.

What, then, is to be done to put the nation in possession of its own? We have not to consider what sectarians, or priests, or even what the average churchman would like; we have only to consider the nation at large. One rough and ready solution of the problem is to let the Church go and set up for itself; but it is not our habit in English politics to let National Institutions go, when they lag behind, to be made the best or the worst of by those who happen to be in possession. On the contrary, we take them in hand, reform them, widen them, open them up, and restore them to those for whom they were intended. For whom, then, was the National Church intended? Obviously for the nation. But nothing is clearer than that the nation is not in possession of it. And why? Simply because the old policy of repression has failed, and because the nation has been steadily getting farther and farther away from the uniformity, upon the demand for which it is based. The Church was made to take its stand on uniformity: but the nation has passed on to diversity. What can be clearer, then, than this, that, not through the uniformity, which is no longer possible, but through the diversity, which is the living fact, the nation must come to its own?

Again, then, I ask : what is to be done ? The worst thing to do would be to let the National Church go, to set up perhaps a gigantic and wealthy ecclesiastical corporation to be controlled by priests. The best thing, and the most rational thing to do would be to make it, in some practical way, what it was meant to be, and what it is called, a National Church. I say 'in some practical way,' for we should only be deceiving ourselves if we fancied that anything we could now do would ever land us in one universal English Church. The time has long gone by for that : but what we can do is to put the Church at the nation's disposal, so as to give all worshippers an open door and a free pulpit. We can make an end of arbitrary restrictions of creed and ritual that now turn a nation's Church into a sectarian Institution. It is obvious that a Church with stereotyped creeds and articles of a pronounced theological character, which are imposed on all its teachers, and, in a sense, upon all its members, cannot be a Church for the nation. Equally obvious is it that that cannot be considered a National Church which arranges for its 'livings' to be at the disposal of patrons, or allows its pulpits to be put up to the highest bidder, or suffers a few superior officers to bar the way, if they please, to all its pulpits. What is really wanted, then, is that the barriers should be taken away ; that the sectarian and one-sided character of the Church should come to an end ; and that, by some bold and generous measure, it should be made possible for the nation, with all its diversities of sentiment and faith, to utilize for religious purposes what we now know as 'The Church.'

I cannot profess to enter into details ; but that is not necessary. It is not to be doubted that if the nation were resolved to take possession of its own Church, it would be found comparatively easy to define, on the one hand, the relation of the State to the various churches, as permanent trustee for their proper use ; and to describe, on the other hand, the nature, duties and rights of congregations. The State should say to the nation ;— 'These churches are yours, as churches ; but because they are yours, as national churches, they

must be free churches, they must not be made away with in the interest of any conclave, corporation or creed. If there are those who want churches under the control of Synods, Assemblies, or Convocations, they are free to provide them and enjoy them; but the churches belonging to the nation must not be appropriated by them, as such churches.' The national churches would thus be free, but not free to go into bondage: they would be free to remain free, that each generation, with its fresh thoughts and varied needs, might enter into its heritage.

The effect of this would be that every phase of opinion in the nation would, as it gathered influence, be able, in a natural manner, and without any shock of revolution, to find its needs supplied within the National Church. To-day we have the spectacle of sectarian suppression, bitter strife, or pitiable disregard of pledges, in the Church: then we should have legalized flexibility, with the wholesome and natural laws of development and natural selection at work. In small places, with only one church, the leading influence would, of course, prevail: but that must be so in any circumstances and under any scheme: in larger places, with several churches, the like-minded would naturally gravitate together, and the law of natural selection would speedily distribute the various worshipers into appropriate religious homes. The State would thus put the nation in possession of its Church, by ceasing to set up any one opinion or mode of worship to the exclusion of all others; and by making it possible for every opinion and every mode of worship to be represented, and to find a home, in exact proportion to its needs.

It may be said that this means chaos, or the establishment of all opinions. On the contrary, it means order, through the State's neutrality as to all opinions. But, at all events, the chaos and diversity could hardly be greater than that which now exists in the Established Church, to bewilder the judges, confound the lawyers, and amaze onlookers. In fact, without any legislation, and by sheer force of circumstances, the Church has gone a very long way on the road to the goal I am indicating. Already, it finds room for represent-

atives of all opinions, from Theist to Ritualist ; and within its ample pale may be found Unitarians, Arminians, Calvinists, Christadelphians, Revivalists and Romanists. All these sit under the national vine and fig tree, and the law courts are now scarcely able to make one of them afraid.

If the proposal I make were carried into effect, only dead or dying things would disappear. Ecclesiastical Courts are becoming an impotent anachronism : Convocation has become the shadow of a shade : Parliament has no taste for meddling, and meddles only to mar : the occupant of the Throne has long ceased to act. What remains ? Patrons ? It would be no hardship to give to a congregation what an individual, and, worse still, a stranger ought never to have had. Ecclesiastical Commissioners ? By all means utilize them, as a body of men that would be very necessary for administrative purposes, as the representatives of the State. The Bishops ? There is no reason why they should not exist as lay or clerical overseers, in the true sense of the word, acting for the State as the permanent trustee of these free national churches. Besides this, what would be necessary, beyond defining the constitution of these churches and their functions, and administering the Church's funds ? Everything would go on very much as at present ; and only those would be disturbed who could not bear to give up the hope of getting the National Church into their own hands as sectaries or priests. In this way the nation would be put in possession of its Church in the only manner now possible, — by the State ceasing to establish any particular school or endow any particular opinion ; by allowing like-minded men and women to naturally gravitate into congregations ; by permitting each congregation, under certain obvious regulations, to decide for itself, from time to time, how it shall worship, what shall be taught, and who shall teach ; and by forbidding any of these free national churches to forestall the rights of after-comers, by entering into engagements with conclaves, or by imposing any permanent creeds.

To this it may be objected that this or any similar scheme practically means the disestablish-

ment and disendowment of the existing Church, and that this would be unjust, a breach of faith, and an act of spoliation. This recalls the instructive and curious fact that the most ardent defenders of the privileges and monopolies of the National Church usually do so on the ground that really reduces it to the level of a private 'denomination.' Hence they talk about invading *their* graveyards, interfering with *their* churches, and the like. Now really they must make a choice and keep to it. Either their's is the National Church, or it is not. If it is not the National Church, it must then, as one of the sects, be treated as an ordinary sect; and all exceptional State privileges must be withdrawn. But if it is the National Church, then surely the nation can regulate it for the general good; and the present occupants must not complain as though they were disturbed freeholders.

An Archbishop of Canterbury once told us that it is 'the glory of the Church of England that it is a National Church, wide as the nation, and ready to embrace within its arms all persons who are anxious to join it.' Well, then, I ask it to embrace everybody.

It may be said that a line must be drawn somewhere; and that if the principle of nationalism be literally applied, atheists would have to be dealt with as claimants. I entirely disagree with that. The National Church is the nation's, but only *as a Church*. It is not the National Club, Drill Hall, Lyceum or Swimming Bath, but the National Church,—and I agree that it would be best to use the property of the Church for Church purposes. The National Church should be open to the nation, I say; but only for the uses of a Church. What then is a Church? A full definition would satisfy only a section: but we do not want a full definition; we want only a working one; and it is surely possible for all practical purposes to say that the one essential element in relation to a Church is the worship of God. That is a definition which is all inclusive, sufficiently elastic to admit the free movement of all forms of faith and modes of worship, and yet sufficiently definite to mark out the true uses of a Church.

In reply to the objection that the Nation ought not to dispose of the Church, it must be rigidly maintained that there is no such thing as the Church apart from the State. The Church is 'a survival' of what was once the nation's attempt to supply its religious needs; or, more accurately, 'a survival' of an attempt on the part of the nation's rulers to regulate the faith of the nation. This was possible once, but it is utterly impossible now. The theory of a State Church is only part of a political system of government,—a system that involved the right of the rulers to tell the ruled what they were to believe and how they were to worship. Logically it comes to this, and as a matter of fact it *did* come to this at times in a most unmistakeable manner. When nonconformists were forbidden to meet for worship, when their ministers were hurried off to jail for the offence of preaching a sermon or offering up a prayer, when the pillory, the bishops' prisons, the Conventicle and Test and Schism Acts, were all in full work, the State Church was consistent, the theory upon which it is based was being practically applied, and the system of which it forms a part was either triumphant or struggling to maintain its pernicious ascendancy. Hence the history of Nonconformity is, or is vitally related in this country to, the history of every struggle for freedom,—for freedom of conscience, freedom of worship, freedom of speech, freedom of the press, municipal freedom, and even parliamentary freedom. The Act of Uniformity was only 'the outward and visible sign' of this theory of the right of the rulers to regulate faith and worship: but the nation has utterly outgrown all that. What remains, then, but to throw open to all what was originally meant for all: and to do this by recognising diversity, since it is no longer possible to do it by commanding uniformity?

This suggestion, to persons who have been accustomed to regard Religion and the Church as bound up with the action of Convocations, Synods and the like, may seem lamentably loose and bald; and so it is, on the supposition that it is necessary to have Religion systematically organized, and the Church absolutely governed: but Christendom

has made long and painful trial of ecclesiastical drill serjeants, both courtly and clerical, and it might be the crowning mercy of these really national churches—that they would shew how profitably Religion and the Church may be left to the normal developments of the intellect and the soul.

The proposal here indicated has on its side this fact—that it is in harmony with the natural historical development of the Church which has its root in the very name ‘National,’ and which would find its perfected fruit in the opening of its doors to the nation. Nor should I be surprised that it commended itself to men of all parties, seeing that they would all, in the main, get what they want, or have the opportunity of doing so. The hope of the universal triumph of any one party would, indeed, be at an end; but every section would have liberty and an open field. The High Church dream of spiritual freedom would be practically realized; and the Low Church love of sound doctrine would be abundantly gratified. Broad churchmen would be unmolested; and narrow churchmen would have an equal chance of making way. Here and there, especially in small places, there might be struggles for supremacy, but so there are now; and, at all events, they could not be of frequent occurrence. In many cases, too, the living struggle among interested people would be better than the dead surrender to a patron, or the mandate from an auction room.

An equally hopeful consideration will be found in the fact that the more the House of Commons becomes really national the more likely will it be to deal with the question on really national lines. For good or evil, the House of Commons is getting less and less ecclesiastical, and more and more secular in its method: and even though it increased its average of members who were personally religious, and who were livingly interested in religion, it would still become less and less likely to deal with the Church on the old lines. The days are fast going by in which it is possible for the House of Commons to legislate for Ritual and Theology. When next it touches ecclesiastical

affairs it can only be to apply the great principles of Liberalism which go to the very root of all things with the one searching question:—How can equal justice be best done to all men, and the nation be put into possession of all that is its own?

Of course, the reform I have indicated would be a radical one, but the change would not be greater than has already occurred in the history of the Church. If we refer to 'The Constitutions and Canons' of the Church, what do we find? We find that, originally, the Church had power given it to 'excommunicate,' and even to 'censure and punish' schismatics; we find that it had authority to 'excommunicate' as for a 'wicked error' all persons who regarded any of the 39 Articles as 'erroneous'; or who did not accept or approve the Church's 'rites and ceremonies.' We find that it actually had power to 'excommunicate' as for a 'wicked error,' those who left the Church to 'combine together in a new brotherhood' or congregation: and much of the same kind we find in these 'Constitutions and Canons of the Church,' all of which, though still part of the law of the land and of the Church, is utterly obsolete, and has been a dead letter, as pernicious, absurd, impracticable and tyrannical. If, then, the Church has changed thus far, so as to be a tolerant instead of a persecuting and excommunicating Church, it is only reasonable to ask it to take the next step, and become an open and comprehensive Church. If it has so far adapted itself to modern times as to live with free men on something like equal terms, it is not going too far to ask it to become free itself,—to become, in fact, what it professes to be, the Church of England, really the nation's own.

RECONCILIATION TO GOD.

NOTES OF A CROYDON STUDY.

Now then we are ambassadors for Christ: as though God did beseech you by us, we pray you in Christ's stead, be ye reconciled to God.—

II. Cor. v. 20.

THERE is something deeply serious and pathetic in this chapter: and the argument or appeal is, for Paul, unusually long, connected and sustained.

First comes the proposition that we must all be made manifest before the judgment-seat of Christ. Perhaps Paul meant that literally: but it is becoming less and less possible. All we can do is to penetrate to the fact that the Christ which is to be our standard and judge is the Ideal Humanity, or the hidden spirit-self with all its possibilities. We have sprung from the merely animal, but there is in every one of us a Christ,—that which belongs to the spiritual and to God just as that other belongs to the fleshly and the brute: and by that spiritual and divine humanity we shall all be judged.

And for what? That the law of cause and effect may be worked out:—that each one may receive what he is. There will be no arbitrary exaltation to bliss, and no arbitrary thrusting out to misery. Each one will get—that is to say he will be—his own heaven or hell: he will receive, he will come into undisguised possession of, 'the things done in the body:—no more disguises, no more delusions: the body will be put aside, and the spiritual product will be 'made manifest.'

That suggests a thought of dread;—something called 'the terror of the Lord,'—the stern, unrelenting side of Law; that which makes like adamant the link between effect and cause: and, knowing that, he 'persuades,' and appeals to the conscience to justify the stern basis of the persuading.

But love is behind the fear. The Christ on the throne is the lover: the judge is the sinner's champion and sacrifice. The Ideal which is to be the standard of judgment pleads with us to rise and not to fall,—to wrestle and fight for the Ideal, to become 'a new creature' with whom 'the old things are passed away,' and 'all things are become new.'

Then comes the touching persuasive:—'we are ambassadors for Christ: as though God did beseech you by us, we pray you in Christ's stead, be ye reconciled to God.'

This appeal, 'Be ye reconciled to God,' has always been connected with a theological plan of salvation. (What a shiver runs through one at the phrase!)

Usually, strange to say, the whole thing is reversed;—'Get God to be reconciled to you!' The second of the Thirty-nine Articles says plainly, 'Christ suffered and was crucified to reconcile his Father to us.'

But Paul's argument and appeal belong to a different region. We are to be reconciled to God by reaching up to the highest possible ideal of God. As though the voice said—Give up the old fears! Do not dread God, but love Him. Do not want to be saved from Him, but arise and go to Him.'

Was not Faber right?

There's a wideness in God's mercy,

Like the wideness of the sea;

There's a kindness in His justice

Which is more than liberty.

There's no place where earthly sorrows

Are more felt than up in Heaven;

There's no place where earthly failings

Have such kindly judgments given.

For the love of God is broader

Than the measure of man's mind;

And the heart of the Eternal

Is most wonderfully kind.

If our love were but more simple,

We should take Him at His word;

And our lives would all be sunshine

In the sweetness of the Lord.

Contrast that with the old terror:—with a picture of God which led one defiant spirit to say;

Thank God for pity—for all men—
 For fellow-fool and fellow-clod ;
 And if the gods are cruel then
 Thank God I'm not a god.

Sarah Grand, in one of her books makes one of her characters say fiercely of the old Jewish God, Jehovah ;

This God of the Hebrews, what is His history? He loves cruelty and bloodshed. The innocent animals first suffered in His service ; but, not content with that, He went from bad to worse, as men do, and ended by demanding human sacrifice, the sacrifice of His own Son. And for that specially we are required to adore Him, although it must be clear to the commonest capacity to-day that the worship of such a deity is devil-worship. I do not say there is no God ; I only say this is no God—this blood-lover, this son-slayer, this blind omniscience, this impotent omnipotence, this merciful cruelty, this meek arrogance, this peaceful combatant—this is not God, but man. Man projected an image of himself, called it God, and fell down and worshiped it.

Alas! What have men made of the Father even in Christendom.'

One who has travelled several times round the world, lately said, 'Our genial American Consul in Calcutta said to me one day, "Doctor, would you like to see some Hindoo temples, and see how they worship there?"' "Most assuredly I would," was the reply. I went to the Kali Temple with him, a very old stone building in the suburbs of Calcutta which contains a horrible stone Goddess, around whose neck was a symbol of human skulls, symbols of human corpses, and a most hideous face. Here these Hindoos often slay goats and kids, the blood from which is nearly shoe deep, and I saw them stoop down and sprinkle this blood on their faces, and then they beat them against the grim goddess, where I was told they confessed their sins. It was a barbarous act, and a beastly sight.'

'O,' you say, 'they need Christianity.' Do they? One of the most popular hymns in Christendom was and still is that loathsome hymn of Cowper's, beginning,

There is a fountain filled with blood
 Drawn from Immanuel's veins,
 And sinners, plunged beneath that flood,
 Lose all their guilty stains.

Do you say, that is old-fashioned? Well, what of this, a modern High Church hymn,⁷ and for Sunday Schools?

At the cross of Jesus,
Humbly bow, lowly bow;
Take the blood of Jesus,
And bathe thy burning brow.

But we only say it. The Hindoo does it, because he means it!

But turn from this—This reconciliation to God has a very practical bearing upon life. God should stand for the whole system of Nature. Be reconciled to God, then, by being reconciled to the laws and necessities of life,—be not a rebel, but an obedient servant and son. Say with the old Hebrew poet, ‘Thy statutes have been my song in the house of my pilgrimage.’

So also be reconciled to God, by identifying all the events of life with the great order we associate with the idea of God.

This does not mean that we are to take all things as personally ‘sent.’ But it means that the inevitable is to be faced with a reconciled mind.

Gentle, brave and patient submission is reconciliation. A man is, as we say, ‘reconciled to his fate’ when he calmly and bravely accepts that which is, and makes the best of it.

Your child catches the measles, either because there is infection about, or because the conditions inducing measles are in its blood. Be reconciled to God! He has not sent the measles, in the old arbitrary sense: but His great order has brought them: and it is best that His order should be unbroken. We do not understand, perhaps, why there should be evil conditions, but it is evident that we are passing through a certain stage of world-making; and our highest wisdom, assuredly, is to be reconciled to Him who is within and above the mysterious process. Try to bear, to be patient, to understand, to obey! Be reconciled!

The true philosophy of life, then, is to be found in a kind of brave but reverential stoicism. We must take ourselves and our fate as we are, but ever with the joyous, upward glance. The ideal trust is in Fate plus God.

A PASTORAL FOR THE TIMES.

How history repeats itself! The following very able poem was published at Cambridge, in 1869—just 30 years ago. Its author is described as ‘A Cambridge undergraduate.’ It is still ‘A pastoral for the times,’ but we quote it as much for its cleverness as for its moral.

Rise, Roman muses! ye have slept too long,
Once more in Albion chant your siren-song.
The time is come, the golden years return,
When Pope shall rule, and heretics shall burn.
Regress, ye ages, backward to the past,—
‘The good time coming,’ comes, though late, at last.
Sing, gentle shepherds, sing your pastoral song,
Rome triumphs o’er three hundred years of wrong.
Loud through the land your trump of victory sound!
Proclaim Rome’s triumph, joyful tidings,—round.
Sink Truth and Science! Ancient Falsehood, rise,
And Superstition claim the empire of the skies!

Ride, O great Pius, on thy conquering way;
The world is thine, if Britons own thy sway.
Whet once again the blest Ravaiillac’s knife,
And saint the hand that takes a monarch’s life;—
Arouse once more the spirit of O’Neil,
And Papist fanatics with bloody zeal;—
Resuscitate the deeds of that dire day
Of Saint Bartholomew;—(brook no delay)
Then pour abroad the vials of thy rage,
Burn peer and peasant—spare not sex nor age.
Prometheus-like, restore us once again
The fire divine of Mary’s golden reign.
Inspire new Bonners, Gardiners, and Poles,
Burn Cranmers, Ridleys, Latimers in shoals!
Give back to priests the power of steel and brand,
To rob, stab, torture, burn throughout the land.

‘The power supreme of England’s crown is dead
And Britain’s boasted freedom all has fled,’
Great Manning vaunts.—Cannot old England rise
And shew the world if these be truths or lies?
E’en now the strife with Protestants begins,
Confined as yet to broken heads and shins,
Free speech no more, bold words of truth repress’d,
And timid rulers fear the priests’ behest:
That spark shall kindle England, and the blaze
Leave not one heretic to after days.
Fiercer than erst the fires of death shall glow,
Three hundred then shall be three thousand now.
Oxford and Cambridge in those flames shall burn,
And all their wealth to Papist hands return.
(Yet from the fire pluck forth *one* sacred brand,
Saint Pusey still himself unscathed may stand.)

Herdsmen shall drive no bulls to Smithfield then,
 But Papal bulls drive thither herds of men.
 And as we thus make fuel of our foes,
 We'll preach the love of Christians o'er their throes,
 While pervert wives shall heap their husbands' pyres,
 And sportive children mock their tortured sires.

Yet when the tumults and the fire shall cease,
 With prophet-ken I view the reign of peace ;
 ' What once hath been, the same may be again,'
 The wise man saith, and saith it not in vain.
 Open, ye churches ! o'er the seas behold
 Rome's galleys bring more precious freights than gold !
 Throw wide your gates : receive the holy bales,—
 The blessed parings of Saint Peter's nails,
 Three hundred skulls, each genuine Saint Paul,
 A thousand pieces of Saint Alban's caul ;
 Saint Dunstan's tongs by scores, and Malchus' ears,
 Saint David's leeks, a tun of Magdalene's tears ;
 Three hundred-weight of Appollonia's teeth,
 And fifty pairs of Patrick's boots from Meath.
 Bambinos, forty, drest in gold and pink,
 With moving lips, and warranted to wink.
 Nine crowns of thorns, of seamless vests a score,
 Of the ' true cross,' both wood and nails, a store
 Ample and large enough to build a seventy-four.
 Ye holy Monks, restore the fallen shrine ;
 These sacred relics, fraught with power divine,
 Receive with faith, and ancient times revive,
 So shall ye prosper, and your trade shall thrive.

To work ! ye Goldsmiths ! Artists, grind your paints !
 Pour forth the forms of twice ten thousand saints !
 Your time is coming ! Soon, behold, Tussaud,
 Instead of kings, queens, murderers, shall show
 Along her rooms Rome's calendar a-row !
 The melting wax in saintly shapes shall run,
 And show the glories of the monk and nun.
 Pusey shall gleam in chasuble and cope,
 And Gladstone stand cross-bearer to the Pope.
 Lo ! from ' the room of Horrors,' echo tones
 Of piercing shrieks and dying martyrs' groans :
 Behold ' the Virgin ' with deceptive charms,
 Mangling the victim in her closing arms ;
 Boots, wheels, and thumb-screws, shown to those who pay,
 And real live heretics on racks shall play !

Oh ! let the names immortally be blest,
 Of Newman, Manning, Fielding, and the rest,
 Who left, sweet Saints ! the paths their fathers trod,
 Preferring Rome to England—Popes to God.
 More blest those traitors to their church and state,
 Who still within insidiously wait,
 To let their friends in at the unguarded gate ;
 Who ape our fashions in their rites and dress,
 And in the vestry hear their flocks confess,
 Who, if they could, would bring our practice home,
 And deck their churches, and themselves, for Rome.

E'en now, methinks, I hear a voice proclaim
 Murder all sinless, perjury no shame :
 With priestly shrift the wretch for heaven may hope,
 All vice can buy God's pardon from the Pope.
 His rule supreme upheld, and priestly sway,
 Claim his indulgence, and all toils repay ;
 Even Regal vice, by Papal favour, glows
 Adorned like virtue with ' the Golden Rose ' !

The Press no longer sheds its baleful light,
 But all is wrapped in ignorance and night !
 Now blaze again the Purgatorial flames,
 That half-way house whence gold alone reclaims.
 Saints live in wax—a wafer now is Christ,
 And laymen starve on half the Eucharist.

Abbeys and convents take their place once more,
 And beggars swarm where merchants thrived before.
 Matrons and maidens to confession go,
 Themselves deluded, thence deluders grow.
 Truth, Virtue, Love and Modesty decay,
 And England's glories melt like snow away !
 Soon Locke shall fail, and Bacon be forgot,
 Newton shall die, and Galileo rot,
 The reign of Truth and Common Sense be o'er,
 And suns shall circle round this earth once more !
 Rome o'er the world extend her iron sway,
 And ancient darkness quench the light of day !

LOYAL AMERICANS.

THANK God there are many men and women in America who have not bowed the knee to Baal—this cursed Baal, this bloody Moloch of greedy war. The following by Frank Putnam, published in a Chicago paper, is splendid. Probably, this kind of stinging satire and scorn will do the work best.

BALLAD OF THE BELLIGERENT CONGRESSMAN.

Men of us are shooting, in an isle across the sea,
 The people who inherited the land ;
 Men of us are boasting, when the few survivors flee,
 A badly licked but plucky-hearted band.
 O a happy day for all of us, may we recall it long,
 When men who went to war to free a race
 Were bid, because the President was feeling good and strong,
 To bat our dusky brothers in the face.
 ' Allies of the Army ' when we met a common foe ;
 ' Patriots who dared to make a fight.'
 ' Ignorant and savage ' when the Spaniards had to go,—
 Martyrs turned to monkeys in a night.

So we bade them be submissive and to trust us for the
 rest,
 In our own benign and diplomatic style ;
 We would give them all the freedom that we thought was
 for the best,
 And our guns would kill a nigger at a mile.
 Having heard how Washington had fought a foreign yoke,
 And how he drove the English to the sea,
 When in money, men and metal he was always nearly broke,
 'I can do it,' said the foolish Filipee.
 But we mowed him down like barley with the vomit of
 our ships,
 Though the story he was game is no canard ;
 For we sent him to his Maker with 'My country !' on
 his lips,—
 It was bloody, but we had to smash him hard !
 For there is no other method to convince a man who dreams
 That God Almighty meant him to be free ;
 You can proclaimate and argue through a dozen, dozen
 reams—
 The gun's the thing that brings him to his knee !
 So we'll hunt them in the valleys and we'll hound them
 in the hills,
 Till they crawl upon their bellies to our feet ;
 It may cost five hundred millions, but the people pay the
 bills,—
 And a winning war will keep me in my seat.
 But this, by that fine enthusiast, W. C.
 Gannett, is on a higher plane, and will touch the
 hearts of the children of the day :

AT THE PEACE CONGRESS.

Why is she late at the Tryst of the Peace-Makers ?
 Where is the youngest and fairest of all,
 Last-born of Liberty, darling of Destiny,
 Star of the stricken and hope of the thrall ?
 Russia has come from her plains and her river-gates ;
 England has come from her isles of the sea ;
 Italy hastens aleap on the hill-tops ;
 Germany, France,—they forget and agree.
 Why lags America ? Still at her chivalry,
 Saving some little one pressed by the foe ?
 Spending her treasure and sharing her privilege,
 Loosing a captive from hunger and woe ?

Ah, she comes radiant ! Ah, she comes beautiful !
 Welcome and praise for her ! Hail to her deed !
 Place for the Selfless One ! Room for the Succourer,—
 'Rights of the People' on banner and creed !
 Red is her robe,—she is Land of the Afterglow.
 Red-lit her cheek,—it is heart-glow her own ;
 Red on her hands ? Is it *blood* ? Does America
 Mock the White Muster, red-handed alone ?

All of the rest of them doffing war's garniture,
 Stainless and swordless, one-minded for peace,—
 She alone sitting unwashed of her battle-smoke,
 Streaked with the death-gush of victims' release ?

Crownless she sits there, unstarred of her radiance,
 Blood on her hands, the old greed in her heart ;
 Blood that young patriots lavished for liberty,
 Greed of the conqueror, wile of the mart.
This, for the splendour with which she faced God-ward !
This, for the vision that heavened her eyes !
 Body's expansion for soul-growth imperial,—
 Oh, the mad barter of sin and surprise !
 How can she sing of it, ' Sweet Land of Liberty,'
 She with her banner-words changed into ban ?
 Hushed be the song till the silence re-teaches her
 Faith that makes faithful to God and to Man !

Have not the Fathers pledged her to righteousness ?
 Have not the Sons once redeemed from eclipse ?
 Vision shall star once again the sweet brows of her,
 Songs be reborn on the beautiful lips !

Here is another of these splendid protests
 against America's mournful apeings of the methods
 of European Imperialism and Militarism. It is by
 Lila Frost Spraguè :—

POOR BROWN BROTHER.

Poor brown brother, looking toward the West,
 The questioning light of liberty dawning in thine eyes !
 How have we answered this, thy mute appeal
 For help to walk in freedom, that rugged path
 Which most enlightened men have climbed with toil !
 We have not called thee toward the heights,
 Nor stretched our hand to save thy stumbling feet ;
 Nay, our battle smoke darkens thy quivering light ;
 The swords of free men beat thee rudely back ;
 The tramp of legions crushes out thy hope,
 To thine undoing and to our eternal shame.

AN HONEST CHURCH—AT LAST.

The Christian Register tells the following instructive story of the historic ' Old South ' Church in Boston (U.S.), ' perhaps the most prominent representative in New England of Orthodox Congregationalism ;—

The Old South congregation was gathered in 1669. Like

many of the early New England churches, it had no bond of union save a religious covenant,—a covenant in this case abundant in doctrinal implications. In 1680 its orthodoxy was buttressed by the adoption of the Westminster Confession, with its cold-forged declarations of unconditional election and reprobation, limited atonement, endless punishment of the non-elect 'for the glory of God,' and moral worthlessness of the unregenerate. Through a dozen pastoral administrations the door of admission for members and ministers was by way of unquestioning acceptance of both covenant and creed.

But a gradual 'suspense of faith' must have crept over nearly all minds, for since 1838 the creed has never been called to the attention of any candidate for membership; and in 1857, when the good Dr. Manning was installed, his express dissent from some of the articles called forth no protest. His predecessor, Dr. Blagden, supposed himself a thorough-going Calvinist; but, when some zealous official procured the printing and distribution of the Confession, in order to revive the orthodox zeal of the members, an intelligent lady, in great distress of mind, sought her pastor with the sulphurous document in hand, and was kindly assured that she need give it no attention. It has ever since remained inoperative and inert, so that, of the five hundred persons admitted to the church during the fourteen years of Dr. Gordon's pastorate, hardly one knew of its existence.

At a meeting of the church on the 27th of April the deacons made a full statement of the situation, and offered a resolution that the creed be 'set aside,' so that assent to the covenant might be the only condition of fellowship. The reading of the archaic and obsolete document caused a shock of surprise and amusement, as if the opening of the family closet had disclosed a forgotten skeleton. After due consideration the resolution was carried almost unanimously,—134 to 6. The few negative votes represented no desire to retain the old form, but only a preference to set up some other statement of doctrine in its place. Thus there was not a single mourner present at the burial of the dead Calvinistic symbol: it was merely the decent putting out of sight of a dried-up theological mummy,—the somewhat belated committing dust to dust.

The action of the Church marks the immense change of belief accomplished during the present century; but it means no abrupt new departure, and implies no weakening of faith in what our orthodox brethren would call the evangelical system, as now more rationally interpreted. The chief significance of the act, as the *Congregationalist* notes, is in its ethical import. 'The Church has determined to be honest with the world and with the sister churches.'

Of course, this is admirable: but what has happened to the 'Old South' has happened or is happening all over America, and here in Great Britain. The only difference is that the 'Old South' has at last decided to be thoroughly honest.

THE SWAGGERENSIS BRITANNICUS.

GOT him at last!—an all-round perfect specimen of the double scarlet *Swaggerensis Britannicus*. He buzzed last night, with a friend, on the next chair to mine at the Imperial Institute, and I could hear every sound. They were talking of England's greatness and glory, prowess and progress, and especially of her supreme Imperial instincts. The conversation ran something like this. Double Scarlet began it.

D.S.—‘I tell you there is no other nation equal to us in anything,—in science, commerce, honesty and justice: and, in our genius for colonizing and administration, we stand alone.’

His Friend — ‘“And in self-praise and swagger,” an enemy might say. But I have done a hard and not very profitable day's work, and am tired, so please don't get over hot. Have you not a good word for Germany and the United States?’

D.S.—‘They are glad enough of our help:—or will be some day.’

His Friend—‘Perhaps: but that is not what we seemed to be talking about. I was thinking of our vast superiority in everything. Do you know much about electrical engineering, for instance? or have you anything to say about the swarm of young Germans who seem to be crowding out our boys from merchants' offices, even in London? What about the Americans taking great engineering contracts out of our hands?’

D.S.—‘But look at India, South Africa and Egypt.’

His Friend—‘I do look, and I see Ireland and Coercion Acts everywhere. Anyhow, I see we are laying out several very long and difficult rows to hoe.’

D.S.—‘O, that will be all right. Look at our fleet! No one can stand against us. We are going right through Africa. We shall have it all, from the Cape to Cairo.’

His Friend—‘I think I have heard that before. What do you want from Cape to Cairo, besides indigestion?’

D.S.—‘Want? We must expand. We want trade and commerce. What are we to do with our young fellows if we don’t open up new markets?’

His Friend—‘You always seem to be thinking of what *we* want. Has anybody else any wishes or rights?’

D.S.—‘The weak must go down. Besides, it is for their good.’

His Friend—‘Always for their good? Is that a part of your calculation? But who is to do this blessed work? Do you propose to raise a crop of Rhodeses, and to brighten England’s glory and advance her power through such instruments?’

D.S.—‘Cecil Rhodes is a grand Englishman. I wish we had more like him.’

His Friend—‘Do you really? Do you still admire his behaviour in the Transvaal?’

D.S.—‘Why not? Kruger is an old ruffian, and his people are a played-out lot of obstructives.’

His Friend—‘Certainly they obstruct raiders and conspirators remarkably well. But now, as regards played-out nations or States, does it really seem to you to be England’s duty to decide the matter, and to sweep up into its dustpan or its treasury any leavings it may happen to fancy?’

D.S.—‘Look at Johannesburg! Why does Kruger keep down our people there, and squeeze them without giving them their rights?’

His Friend—‘“Squeeze!” The people who are being squeezed seem to flourish under the operation. You are always telling me that the wealth of Johannesburg is all theirs.’

D.S.—‘They have created the wealth of the country and yet have no votes. Why does not that old rascal give them their rights?’

His Friend—‘What rights?’

D.S.—‘The suffrage. The right to vote for everything.’

His Friend—‘O, then, it is citizenship your friends want, is it?’

D.S.—‘Certainly. Fancy refusing a vote to a Briton!’

His Friend—‘You think, then, that a Briton has a right to vote as a citizen in a South African Republic?’

D.S.—‘Why not?’

His Friend—‘Would a South African Republican have a right to vote here as a citizen, if he came to live in London?’

D.S.—‘That’s another matter.’

His Friend—‘No: it is the same matter. Before a man can vote as a citizen here he has to renounce his nationality, become an Englishman by a legal process, and swear allegiance here. I understand that your friends in South Africa decline to renounce their country.’

D.S.—‘God bless me, yes! I should think so! The Briton who would renounce his nationality would not deserve to be called a Briton!’

His Friend—‘Highly creditable! But will you tell me why we should make renunciation of nationality a condition of citizenship here, and yet expect the South African Republic to waive it in our case there? Do you really hold that a Briton is a sort of person who has a right to go and take possession everywhere; or that laws should be passed or passed over to suit him? Or perhaps you hold the amiable and convenient doctrine that if a nation or a State is weak, that absolves the supremely just Briton from paying attention to its laws.’

D.S.—‘But the English have produced the wealth of the country.’

His Friend—‘That depends upon what one means by wealth. But even if it is so, do you contend that money gives its possessors the right to waive the usual laws as to citizenship? If the Germans and the Jews come in time to own the bulk of the wealth of London,—and it is just possible,—will this give them the right to raid London, or failing that, the right to citizenship and votes in any way that may please them?’

D.S.—‘But a Briton can’t stand being denied his rights.’

His Friend—‘What rights?’

(No answer.)

His Friend—‘It seems to me that your blessed Briton’s rights are all summed up in the right to go where he likes and do as he pleases, and that it is an insult to his honour to stop him, and a grievance to make him wait.’

D.S.—‘O you’re nothing but a damned Little Englander!’

His Friend—‘Thank you. You have painted an excellent portrait:—in fact, you have presented me with two,—my own and yours. Good-bye!’

INSOMNIA.

THE story lately told about Mr. Herbert Spencer has its moral. This is the story.

A traveller who shared a railway carriage with him during a journey to the north, some years ago, was startled by the elaborate arrangements Mr. Spencer made to induce sleep. His ears were plugged with cotton wool, a silk handkerchief was bound across his eyes, and as comfortable a couch made as the circumstances permitted. But all was in vain, and in half an hour’s time the great philosopher threw aside his appliances, and, producing a reading lamp, read during the rest of the journey.

Mr. Spencer had probably done that many times before. It is fatal. Insomnia may possibly be cured by plugs of cotton wool and silk handkerchiefs bound across the eyes, but we doubt it, especially if the patient is left free to jump up in half an hour and light a lamp, to read. To the plug and the handkerchief should be added a short chain and a strait jacket.

The best way to cure insomnia is to get fairly well tired, take a pleasant meal, let books alone, go to bed rather early, lie limp, and make no effort to go to sleep:—simply lie perfectly limp and objectless, but with a background of steadfast resolve to lie still for seven hours, awake if necessary. Candles, books, smoking, patent appliances, dodges of counting, urgent willing, are all wrong. Let it be distinctly understood that you are simply going to sleep, or, failing that, that you are going to lie still and limp for seven hours, without the slightest objection.

The insomnia imp will soon tire of that game, and, in a few weeks, the quiet and resigned patient will not be called upon to lie awake.

In a sympathetic notice of the late Dr. Wallace, M.P., we find the following;—

Although the hon. Member was a man of untiring industry, his literary work was much retarded by sleeplessness. For many years he had never known what it was to get more than three or four hours' sleep of a night, and it was his habit to keep his reading and writing materials close to his bedside, and to work at all hours of the night.

The man who does that is doomed. As a cure for sleeplessness, it is simply idiotic. It will aggravate and confirm it.

THE PUSHING IN SOUTH AFRICA.

OF course there is much to say about the attempt to hustle the South African Republic, but our space is very limited. As to the London papers, *The Times* is working for an official raid. *The Daily News* is curiously enamoured of the Cecil Rhodes view of the case. *The Standard* and *Telegraph* are, of course, lofty and insolent, as becomes the big in dealing with the little. *The Chronicle*, once wavering, is now superbly right. *The Sun* calls the Boers 'savages.' *The Echo* sticks to its guns splendidly, as an advocate of justice and peace, though it published prominently a queer interview with the notorious Henry Hess who 'breathes out threatenings and slaughters.' *The Mail* is, as usual, blustering and vulgar. But *The Evening News* is wonderful. Noisiest and most blatant of all the London papers, in abusing the Republic in general and Mr. Kruger in particular, it came out with an article by its 'city editor' who evidently hustled in with the prudent man's, 'Come, come, this will never do!' In this article there were seven grave statements concerning the Conference :--

1. The heads of most of the leading South African firms are not disappointed. They expected this result of a complicated affair.
2. It was unwise to agitate to such an extent in newspapers &c.
3. Mr. Chamberlain has been unwise in putting himself into the present position.
4. A war is not to be dreamed of.
5. It is hoped that ultimately some indirect good may somehow come out of it.

6. More may be done in the future by friendly politeness than by bluster.

7. A war would mean the practical ruin of all the mines.

We cannot help admiring, after all, the splendid courage of *The Evening News* in printing such a sweeping reproof of the wild cat portion of the London Press, whose insults to Mr. Kruger, incitements to violence, and gross exaggerations of got up 'grievances' were, in the highest degree, as dangerous as they were detestable.

THE BRUTAL HARE HUNTING AND HARE BREAKING AT ETON.

FROM Lord Rosebery's speech at Eton we extract the following :

I would like, if I knew more of the inner life of Eton than I do at present, or than I have known for thirty years past, to be able to say something of the seamy side of Eton life, so as to depress my audience. (Laughter.) But I know of no seamy side. What is the secret of the character that is formed in that school? Other schools have their speech days, and their 4th June with others. The speech day is the one great day of the year with them. Every day in Eton is a great day which furnishes the periods of history and forms the great men. (Cheers.)

We wish this were true; and it gives us no pleasure to quote the following from *Light*.

A late number of 'Humanity' again draws attention to the loathsome practices of some of the boys of Eton College in relation to hare hunting. It appears that these young cads publish an official 'Eton College Chronicle' in which they record with gusto their 'sport' with the hares. Here is a record:—

'Feb. 11. Time, 1 hour 20 mins. Very fast. Here the Field spread out to try and pick her up, and she was seen dead beat. . . . Though stiff, she went away very strong, and running past Dorney Vicarage she pointed towards Mr. Barron's farm, but doubling back again through the Vicarage gardens, crossing the road, she was pulled down in a ditch after 20 mins. . . . So we broke her up, and returned home to kennels after a very good hunt.'

'Broke her up'! a nice occupation for young English 'gentlemen'! and nice talk for a great English college 'Chronicle'!

Here is another record:—

'Feb. 23. Time, 1 hour 50 mins. A very good hunt, especially creditable, since scent was only fair, and we were very unlucky to lose the hare, which was beat when she got back to Salt Hill. On the next day we heard that our hare had crawled out of the gate, up the high street to Burnham, and entered a public-house, so done that it could not stand, and was caught by some boys, who came to tell us half-an-hour afterwards, but we had just gone home. Too bad luck for words'!

'Too bad luck for words!' says 'Humanity.' 'Too bad luck for words,' that these young gentlemen did not have the fun of 'breaking up' a dead-beat hare that crawled up a street and into a public-house! We hope all humanitarians will do their best to make these matters known.

We are inclined to think that if fathers and mothers want their boys to grow up true English gentlemen, they must give a wide berth to Eton.

'The seamy side' is only too obvious: and the assertion that every day at Eton helped to make our great men is only too—well, only too entirely beyond criticism.

THE CHURCH, THE PRINCE OF PEACE AND THE CADS.

The Church Gazette takes us to task for our references to 'the Omdurman butchery,' and for our scorning of 'another British success.' It does not see why we should say 'butchering,' and it does not see why an Omdurman 'hero' should not receive a special ovation. We call the slaughter in the Soudan butchery simply because it was that. There was no real fighting. We simply uncovered our patent slaughtering tackle and coolly dealt out death. We said at the time that it may have been necessary—probably it was not—but the 'victory' was not one to be proud of. Only a cad could yell over it, as a victory. A really brave man would say—'Well, it was a nasty job. It had to be done. But it is nothing to swagger over.'

The 'British success' case demands the whole paragraph. *The Church Gazette* says,

Another paragraph from the same source runs as follows:—

'ANOTHER BRITISH SUCCESS.—A short time ago, the London evening paper placards announced in huge type—"Frontier Fighting. British success." Later on—"Tribesmen defeated. Ten villages burnt." On reading the glorious

news, we found that in addition to burning ten villages we had captured 3,000 cattle. They call this "fighting for our Queen and country." What blackguards we can be!

But where on earth does the blackguardism come in? Is England not to be allowed to have interests anywhere? If she has, can it be blackguardly to defend them? We suppose we are too dense to grasp this new gospel.

If anything could show the deleterious nature of these jingo enterprises, this comment would. *The Church Gazette* does not see the loathsomeness of these supremely mean 'successes,' and seems to think it a fine thing to brag about them in London. *The Church Gazette* is not 'dense.' It seems to be callous.

THE LONDON PRESS.

NOTHING seems to be too absurd, too mischievous or too vicious for the majority of the newspapers in London. Their conduct in relation to the thinly disguised preparations for an official raiding of the South African Republic, for instance, has been a public scandal. But it has often been only tiresomely silly. Here is *The St. James' Gazette* solemnly saying; 'From the moment when, at the time of the Jameson raid, our Government asked the "rebels" to lay down their arms, on the faith that the reforms promised by President Kruger would be carried out, we,' &c.

Fancy that! The 'rebels' laid down their arms because Mr. Chamberlain asked them! We believe Mr. Chamberlain, when the raid failed, did officially say, 'The game's up!' but this was not before the gamblers had every one of their tricks trumped.

By the way, the Conservative press in London is convulsed over the denial of the suffrage to anybody in the Transvaal. How long is it since all good Conservatives opposed the extension of the franchise to London mechanics and country labourers? What a mass of unctuous cant is being poured out, to cover an attempt at robbery!

But wait a moment! This, from 'Confessions of a New York Journalist,' may explain a great deal;—

There is no such thing as an independent daily press. We are all slaves! You know it, and I know it. There is not one of you that dares express an honest opinion. I am paid \$150 per week for keeping honest opinions out of the paper I am connected with. The man who would be so foolish as to write honest opinions would soon be out on the street hunting for another job. The business of a journalist is to distort the truth; to lie outright; to pervert; to vilify; to fawn at the feet of Mammon, and to sell his country and his race for his daily bread. We are the tools and vassals of rich men behind the scenes. We are intellectual prostitutes, and our time, our talents and our possibilities are all the property of other men.'

NOTES BY THE WAY.

A SHORT CREED.—*The Church Gazette* is publishing a series of answers to the question, 'What are the limits of Church inclusiveness?' One writer naively says; 'It has been suggested that a Church should be founded on the basis of the Apostles' Creed, taking the first word, "I," and omitting the rest.' That certainly would be an inclusive Church.

The Church Gazette also has a fling at the silly custom of annoying the bride and bridegroom with rice and confetti. It says; 'The Rev. G. S. Leigh-Bennett, the Vicar of Long Sutton, in his parish magazine, describes the throwing of confetti and rice at weddings as "a most silly and meaningless custom." So far as the great mass of the users are concerned no doubt Mr. Leigh-Bennett is quite correct, and no word can be said in favour of flinging confetti, which is a modern and nasty innovation, leading to ill-temper and spoiled clothes.'

THE IRON HAND IN RUSSIA.—This, from *The Anglo-Russian*, has sense and truth in it:—'Making peace abroad and doing to death at home. The Rev. Alex. Francis, Pastor of the British-American Church at St. Petersburg, and Chairman of the Russian Famine Relief Committee, has published terrible details of the scenes of misery and agony among the five million starving Russian Peasantry, and appealed to the British public for assistance, £2,250,000 being absolutely necessary to keep the people alive until the next harvest. "Why not a Mansion House Fund?" asks the *Daily Chronicle*. Because, we reply, the Tsar's Peace Manifesto, Mr. Stead's agitation, and now the Conference, have confused the mind of the public and diverted their attention from the internal condition of Russia, from Finland and the Famine, and filled every mouth with songs of praise to the glory and humanity of the Tsar. England has again and again paid heavily for the sins of the Russian Government, in relieving the famine of 1891-2, helping the Stundists, the Jews, the Dukhoborts, and now sending relief to the Famine-stricken. By all means let a Mansion House Fund be raised, and the whole sum of £2,250,000 contributed if possible. But let

it at the same time be clearly realised that Englishmen practically pay taxes to the Tsar of Russia, that they are asked now, and will always be asked, to fill up the national Russian deficit caused by nobody else than the Russian Government itself.'

THE FAMINE IN RUSSIA.—All who send help to starving Russian peasants should send to Mr. J. F. Green, hon. sec. of 'The Society of Friends of Russian Freedom,' 40, Outer Temple, London.

THE DOUKHOBORS.—We have received No. 8 of 'News of the Doukhobors,' the Russian refugees, now in Canada. There are few stories at once more beautiful and more pathetic than that of the testimony and sufferings of this much-enduring but happy people. Funds to enable more to emigrate to the land of freedom are greatly needed. Mr. Tchertkoff, Purleigh, Maldon, Essex, will gladly give information, send pamphlets or receive and forward subscriptions, however small.

WELL DONE, JOHN MORLEY!—It is not too late to offer Mr. Morley our thanks for the fine social and ethical lesson he read the House of Commons on the subject of the Kitchener vote. The following especially rose to a high level, and made the speaker, for the moment, a prophet, in the old sense of forth-speaker and teacher:—

'You send your soldiers to civilise savages; take care the savage does not barbarise your soldiers. Above all, take care that the maxims, standards and feelings of this House are not barbarised.'

There is great need of this warning, lay on the gilt and paint as we may.

A GOOD CONFESSION.—The Unitarians of America, and of England, too, are rather proud of the Rev. Minot J. Savage, —and so they ought to be: but he lately said; 'I do believe in Spiritualism. I investigated the subject very thoroughly long before the existence of the Psychical Research Society, of which I was one of the founders. The result of my investigations leads me to the belief that the spirits of the dead communicate with us. I have received communications from people whom I know to have lived on earth. If anybody can offer some other hypothesis than spiritual communication, I shall be glad to investigate it; but I have never heard of one. It is a great question in the Christian Church to-day.'

Unitarians generally are far behind, away in the desert, in relation to this vital and urgent subject:—'more's the pity' —for them!

CONSCRIPTION.—For four or five years—and especially since the military-loving party came into power, feelers have been put out respecting 'conscription.' Now a soldier and now a politician has tried to familiarise us with the word. Cunningly following this, drill has been encouraged everywhere, and now boys are being armed and accustomed to the degrading notion of soldiering as a fine thing for an English boy. The latest practitioner is no less a person than the Secretary of State for war. At a Savoy House dinner he

made a speech directed to the praise of the Militia and the possibility of conscription. It might happen, he said, that in consequence of prolonged hostilities compulsion might be inevitable in order to keep our home army up to its proper strength. In such a case they would have to resort to compulsion. Although they had not the idea of passing through Parliament at this moment a Militia Ballot Act, they had thought it their duty to revise the machinery of the ballot, and they would shortly present to Parliament a Bill intended to bring that machinery more into accordance with the requirements of the present time. They would then have by them a well-considered measure which might be passed into law in case of emergency.

Possibly conscription really is the price we shall have to pay for our swaggering tomfoolery and our degrading glorification of soldiers and their odious business. But what a descent! Fancy England sinking to the condition of bleeding France and groaning Germany! It is the story of the neglected old woman over again. Uninvited to a neighbour's funeral, she stood at the door and muttered, 'Well, never mind, we'll have a funeral of our own some day!'

THE IDEAL TEACHER.—Certain High School pupils had, for the topic of a composition, the novel subject of the ideal teacher. Here is one result:—'The ideal teacher is one who is never cross, but is reasonably strict; keeps good order; has a quiet room; holds pupils responsible for every part of the lesson; explains thoroughly; goes to the point; is fair and impartial; is not fussy; does not get out of patience; does not "fly" at you when you make a mistake; does not keep interrupting with questions when you are reciting; is as pleasant in class as outside of school; and if she errs anywhere, errs on the side of leniency.'

The pupil who wrote that has certainly a very great deal of discrimination and good sense.

STILL RAIDING.—Mr. Cecil Rhodes has given a hundred guineas to the Wesleyan Methodist Twentieth Century Fund. The old raider and plotter is a very astute man. We remember his gift, years ago, to the Irish Members' Fund, and frequently come across traces of him in the press and in electioneering. He knows the value of oiling the wheels.

QUEER ENGLISH.—America has caught it. The usually correct 'Unity' tells us something about a man who 'achieved notoriety by his success in thawing out frozen water pipes without digging up the earth by the use of electricity.' But that man did not dig up the earth by the use of electricity. He thawed out frozen water pipes by the use of electricity, without digging up the earth. But why did not 'Unity' say so? It is that which keeps puzzling us:—why these clever people do not say what they mean.

THE MARCH OF CIVILISATION.—A telegram from Manila says that since the American occupation began, 300 new drinking saloons have been opened in the city.

NOTES ON BOOKS.

'THROUGH NATURE TO GOD.' By John Fiske. London: Macmillan & Co. Valuable as Mr. Fiske's previous books have been, it is doubtful whether any of them can be compared with this, considering the urgency of its subject, the originality of its argument, and the amount of ground it covers; we might add, considering the terseness and lucidity of its style, but Mr. Fiske never fails in that.

This little work,—all essence, and on every page shewing traces of rich reserves of knowledge and thought,—grapples bravely with the problems involved in the vital questions; 'Is there Unity at the heart of all things?' 'Is Nature moral?' 'Can we face the world's misery, sorrow and sin, and yet hold fast by faith in an all-wise, all-just and all-merciful God?' 'Is there a consummation ahead which will justify God and be worth the price the human race has paid for it?'

The book, as we say, is all essence, hence it is almost impossible to give a summary of it. We prefer to very seriously commend it to our readers, with the concluding remark that it presents the finest exposition we have yet seen of the working of Evolution in the creation of Man, as a rational, self-reliant, moral and religious being.

'ORIGIN AND ANTIQUITY OF FREEMASONRY, and its Analogy to the Eschatology of the Ancient Egyptians, as witnessed by the "Book of the Dead," and the Great Pyramid of Ghizeh, the first Masonic Temple in the World.' By Albert Churchward, M.D., &c. London: Causton & Sons. Of the making of books on Freemasonry and the Pyramids there is no end. Dr. Churchward says, 'it is generally known that up to the present time no writer has given the true and correct origin of' Freemasonry. But how could that be known unless the true origin was known? Dr. Churchward believes he has here given 'the true and correct origin'—as others have believed, and probably as others still to come will believe. But we acknowledge our inability to decide. Certain it is that Freemasonry is very ancient, that it seems to be connected with the Pyramids and the Book of the Dead, and that its foundation, beliefs or trusts belong to the youth of civilisation before Natural Religion succumbed to comparatively modern priests and creeds. The book is beautifully presented and certainly deserves attention.

'THE ADELAIDE ILLUSTRATED READER. CLASS I.' Adelaide: The Education Department. We are right glad to see that Australia is helping itself in the matter of school books. The specimen sent us, edited by Mr. C. L. Witham, of the Education Department, is excellent, though its pictures are occasionally queer; others, however, being very good. The reading and spelling lessons are winsomely done:—altogether a creditable bit of work, evidently done by a practical and right-minded man. But a plague upon the man who invented wiring books instead of stitching them!